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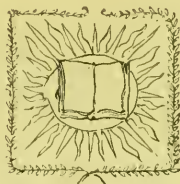
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CABBAGES AND KINGS

ENGLAND AND THE ENGLISH, THE KAISER
AND HIS COURT, THE SCANDINAVIAN DEM-
OCRACIES, THE CZAR AND HIS PEOPLE, AND
THE COURTS OF ITALY : : : :

BY

H. R. H. THE INFANTA
EULALIA OF SPAIN



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England and the English

IN 1887, Queen Christina ordered me to go to England to represent her at the festivities with which the Jubilee of Queen Victoria's reign was celebrated. Wearing a mantilla, in order to make it plain to the public that Spain was taking a part in the national rejoicings, I was taken through the streets of London in the triumph of the great queen.

As a rule, on such occasions, one fixes one's face in a smile, tries to think of something agreeable, and bows from side to side with the regularity of a clockwork figure. As it was, I was interested to watch the crowd lining the streets through which the procession passed, for I had not been in England before, and was curious to see all I could of the English people. And as I looked at the sea of faces, it seemed to me that they were thousands of masks, the changeless expression of which gave no clue to the thoughts of the wearers. And whenever I have seen an English crowd, even at a foot-ball match, the expressionless faces have baffled me, and I have felt my inability to understand it. Indeed, although I have spent a great part of my life in England, I have never been able to understand the English people. I have been at court, stayed in fashionable houses, hidden myself for weeks at a time in the homes of middle-class people. I know Cornwall and Yorkshire, have stayed in London, Tunbridge Wells, Brighton, and a dozen other places, but all the same England remains for me a puzzle which I cannot understand.

Certain features of English life, however, have impressed me. To begin with, I was amazed at the extravagance and luxury of the wealthy and the stupidity of the lives the majority of them lead. History teaches that luxury is the death of a nation, and unless the improbable happens and the upper classes set to work to simplify their lives, there is nothing to save England from ruin. The nobility

has been corrupted by cosmopolitan financiers, and now demands a standard of luxury unknown in the households of great nobles on the Continent. Country houses are turned into hotels, at which board and lodging are supplied free of charge, and the guests make their own arrangements with as much freedom as they would were a bill presented at the end of their visit.

Accustomed to this mode of life, Englishmen do not usually realize that in foreign countries customs are different, and that, as a rule, the luxury they are used to at home is beyond the means of even the rich. I well remember the consternation that reigned in the palace at Madrid when some of the gentlemen who attended the present queen, when she came to Spain for her marriage with my nephew, King Alfonso, behaved as if they were in an English country house, and ordered the court lackeys to bring bottles of royal port and other delicacies to their rooms. There was not a grandee about the court to whom it had ever occurred that guests could behave in such a fashion. When I say that Spaniards were shocked at such conduct, I am speaking mildly.

With luxury has come a great decline in English manners; in fact, so far as I am able to judge, it appears to be considered smart to affect bad manners, if one has not the good luck to have them naturally. Good form now requires that the little courtesies of life, the dignity which used to be considered a sign of good breeding, should be set aside and forgotten. Here is a case in point. I was staying in a country house, and one morning had occasion to pass through the smoking-room, where I remarked a well-known duke sprawling on a sofa, with his feet propped up on the cushions at the end.

"Good morning, ma'am," he said when he saw me enter, and he continued to read his paper without making any effort to change his ungainly attitude.

It is not because I am a princess, but because I am a woman, that I consider the duke ill mannered. I am not likely to forget the look of horror and amazement on the face of a Spanish lady who saw the little scene. She was not well acquainted with the manners of the "best people" in England.

In most countries people go to their estates to be at their ease, to enjoy themselves simply, and to lead a healthier and more rational life than in the towns. During my brother's reign, for instance, it never entered the heads of any of us to put on low dresses for dinner when the court was in the country. In England things are ordered differently. The elaboration of life in a country house is as great as it is in Park Lane; indeed, it appears to me that the women spend most of their time in dressing up.

I would be generous to the woman whose chief aim in life is to be pretty. I would allow her three hours in the morning for her toilet, ample time for bath and massage and coiffure, and one hour in the evening. No woman ought to allow herself a minute more. The English country-house girl seems to have no time to settle down to any serious work, because she is perpetually changing her clothes. After her maid has finished the long process of beautifying her for the day, she appears at breakfast in a simple frock, and contrives to look an ingenuous, breezy, open-air person. By luncheon-time she has metamorphosed herself into a slightly bored woman of the world, and is wearing a rather more elaborate gown. At tea one finds her in a floppy confection of lace and filmy fabrics and, with this costume, she puts on a new manner. One forgets that in the morning she was an energetic, athletic person, for her tea-gown manner suggests lassitude and inability to do anything but recline on a sofa or lean back in a great chair. Spaniards are greatly surprised the first time that they see the way in which Englishwomen flop about on sofas, and I have heard foreigners laughingly and a little disdainfully talk of *les odalisques anglaises*. Even when abroad English la-

dies display a freedom of manner which foreigners consider simply vulgar.

One summer day when the Spanish court was in the country, Queen Christina came to me with a look of sheer consternation on her face.

"Eulalia," she said, "I have seen an appalling sight—the Englishwoman lying on the grass in the park."

The culprit was a lady-in-waiting who had been brought to Spain by an English princess then visiting the court.

"That 's nothing," I said, laughing; "they all do that sort of thing in England."

Queen Christina was an Austrian arch-duchess before her marriage with my brother, accustomed to a court in which a rigid code of manners obtains, and I do not think that anybody could have convinced her that a woman who was really well-bred would allow herself to lie down outside the privacy of her own boudoir.

But to return to the fashionable Englishwoman's arduous day. Before dinner she discards her tea-gown and appears in the drawing-room with a new manner and, so it always seems to me, a new face. She is not in the least like the breezy young person of the morning, the elegant woman of the world one saw at luncheon, or the languid creature who wearily drank tea. She enters the room, looking alert, a little like an actress cast to play the part of an adventuress. The look on her face indicates that she feels her power. She poses as the temptress, aware of her seductive charm and the effect of her frankly suggestive frock. And her conversation is often what the French call *inconvenable*. She deliberately creates the impression that she herself and all her friends are profoundly immoral. On Sundays, with neat books of devotion in their hands, the chameleon-like English ladies ornament special pews in village churches. Apart from its extraordinary variations, English religion is a puzzle to the foreigner. That the upper classes are sincere in their religion I have no doubt; but habit and sentiment, rather than serious conviction, appear to be the basis of their attachment to the Established Church.

The stupidity of fashionable English society is extraordinary. To speak of serious subjects appears to be considered bad form, and the daring person who begins to speak of some question of serious interest in an English country house runs the risk of being crushed by frowns or contemptuous silence. As the English lack the vivacity and wit of Latin peoples, conversation is reduced to an interchange of vapid remarks.

"I had a green ice because it looks so dreadfully immoral," remarked an English hostess at a dinner-table.

Could anything more silly or inane have been said? Yet the remark was typically English, for the only relief allowed to the banality of conversation is perpetual insistence that everybody present is profoundly immoral.

The royal family sets an example of sobriety of manners to the country, but it is not able to exercise any great influence on society, which goes its way unconcerned. Humanity is so perverse that virtuous princes are usually less popular than those who set a less edifying example, and although King George and Queen Mary have won the respect of the middle classes and the sober elements of the nation, they are hardly likely to stem the torrent of corrupting luxury which is ruining the nobility. The influence of the other members of the royal family is not great. I have found that the middle classes take a profound interest in the domestic habits of English princesses, but as the life-work of these ladies consists primarily in opening bazaars, their opportunities of usefulness are strictly limited.

My own recollections of the English court are extremely agreeable. My first acquaintance with the English royal family was in Madrid, when King Edward, then Prince of Wales, came with his brother, the Duke of Connaught, one of the most charming princes in Europe, to be present at the festivities given in honor of the marriage of my brother. Both the princes were lively and full of fun, and I was impressed with the cleverness and shrewdness displayed by the Prince of

Wales. He was, above all, a man of the world. He knew instinctively how to deal with people of every sort, and his tact was unflinching. It certainly did not fail him on one occasion when I saw him placed in a very comical and embarrassing situation. We were both at a dinner-party in a great London house, and among the guests was a lady who bore an historic Italian title. She was English by birth, and before her marriage had been famous in London society for her great beauty and her charm of manner. A wealthy Jew, who shall be disguised under the name of Abraham, was madly in love with her, and her friends, including King Edward, saw his growing infatuation with concern.

"Don't you marry that man," was the advice given her, peremptorily, but good-naturedly, by King Edward.

But marry him she did; not, however, before he had been to Italy and bought the palace and the pompous title of an impoverished Florentine noble. Of this fact the king was unaware, and when the lady was presented to him at the dinner-party as the Marchesa di X——, he smiled and said:

"I am delighted to meet you again as the Marchesa di X——, and so thankful you did n't marry that awful Abraham."

A few moments later the king observed that the "awful Abraham" was standing close by and had heard the unfortunate remark. Without turning a hair, he smiled at him and congratulated him heartily on his marriage.

The king was an extremely punctual man, and when I stayed with him and Queen Alexandra at Sandringham, somebody used always to come and warn me ten minutes before meal-times that I must not keep him waiting. For some unknown reason, he had all the clocks in the house set half an hour in advance of the right time, and one of the first things that guests at Sandringham learned was the existence of this curious practice. The king liked to be amused, and as Englishmen are not as a rule witty or good *raconteurs*, there used to be one or two foreigners about the court who, although they did

not wear the cap and bells which would have defined their functions in an earlier age, played the part of court jester admirably, and enlivened conversation at the dinner-table with praiseworthy persistence.

The Russian princess, known best in England as the Duchess of Edinburgh, and now Duchess of Coburg, was unable to adapt herself to life in a strange country. It is a canon of court etiquette that imperial personages take precedence of royal personages, and consequently it was held in Russia that the Duchess of Edinburgh, being a daughter of the Emperor of Russia, should take precedence of the Princess of Wales, who was merely the daughter of a king. Queen Alexandra is so amiable that I believe she would have contentedly allowed the duchess and anybody else who wanted to do so to pass before her; but obviously the wife of the heir to the throne could not be permitted to take any place but the first after the sovereign. What was to be done? Queen Victoria solved the difficulty very cleverly. She caused herself to be proclaimed Empress of India, and the claims put forward for the duchess immediately fell to the ground. The assumption of imperial rank by the queen was undoubtedly dictated by political considerations, but the solution of the difficulty created by the exasperating conservatism of court etiquette was an argument which weighed with her when she took the decisive step.

In no country is the veneration of royalty carried to greater lengths than in England. The English cease to be a practical people when royalty is concerned, and it was foreigners, and not Englishmen, who were able to see the amusing side of the elaborate arrangements made for the coronation of Edward VII. The only coronations which can still be regarded seriously are those of the pope and of the czar, for in both cases the ceremony fitly symbolizes the great power with which both these sovereigns is invested. The King of England is a constitutional sovereign denuded of power, and he has already been in full enjoyment of the privileges he possesses for a year before he is

crowned. His coronation gives him no new rights or privileges, and the kings of Spain do not find their position affected by dispensing with the ceremony altogether. In the twentieth century a ceremony that has no *raison d'être* is a masquerade, and it is therefore impossible for an outsider to regard a modern English coronation in any other light. For months before King Edward was crowned, the newspapers published news about the coming ceremony, and the decisions of the court which heard the claims of various persons to play a part in it were chronicled as if they were matters of enormous importance. It did not appear to strike anybody that nobody would be a penny the worse whether the Duke of Newcastle or somebody else touched the king's heels with the royal spurs, and not the boldest would have dared to whisper that it was actually a matter of supreme indifference whether this detail of a medieval ceremony was performed or not.

Apart from their odd superstitions in regard to royalty, the middle classes, which form the backbone of the nation, are, to my mind, far more worthy of esteem than the so-called nobility. I have stayed a good many times in pleasant middle-class homes, and enjoyed myself immensely. The old-fashioned courtesy shown in such homes is delightful. When I once make it clear to host and hostess that I desire them to forget that I am Infanta of Spain and wish to be treated as an ordinary person, their tact and innate politeness does the rest, and, etiquette banished, I am allowed to do as I like. I have my English breakfast, I occupy my time as I wish, I play at tennis and ride, and I find myself one of the family. Then I forget about the smart people and feel myself in the Old England I love and respect—the England which is vanishing, poisoned by the flood of corruption from the upper classes. Their example is ruining the nation and, although there is a good deal of talk about democratic principles in England, the democratic spirit which might serve as an antidote to the influence of the rich is hardly to be found. Everybody wants to

be a gentleman or lady, to be dressed in the height of fashion, to talk and act like the silliest section of the nation. Were the democratic spirit strong, the finer elements of the nation would pride themselves on being more sensible than the frivolous rich, and disdain to imitate them.

As I have said, the middle classes form the backbone of English society, but even they have not entirely escaped from the devastating influence of smart society. The middle-class woman does not waste so much time on her toilet as the society woman and she usually refrains from painting her face, an art which is more elaborately practised in England than abroad, but even she appears to consider that it is improper to dine in a high dress. She does not particularly mind what sort of gown she wears, provided the bodice is cut low, and it does not appear to strike her that a woman who has not a pretty neck looks more charming in a high frock than in a low one.

So imperious is fashion that people will not venture into the stalls of a theater if they are not in evening dress. In Germany a man goes straight from his work to the opera, where he meets his wife, and the two sup together afterward. Doubtless numbers of Englishmen would visit the theater more often were it not that when they arrive home, tired after the day's work, they are disinclined to change into what they call "glad rags," on which the décolletée wife insists, and so they prefer to stay at home or to spend the evening at a club.

In the great English schools, boys learn how to play cricket and foot-ball, they are taught a smattering of the classics, while modern languages are greatly neglected and numbers of boys leave school without having learned to write their own language gracefully and with distinction. I once went to an entertainment at one of the great English schools, and the boys performed a little play.

"I hope your royal Highness has been pleased with the acting," remarked the head master to me, when the curtain fell.

"Charming!" I said. "But unfortu-

nately I could not follow the action, as I do not understand Greek."

"But it was in French," replied the head master.

The answer startled me, for French is the language I speak best. And after that experience I am no longer surprised to find that educated Englishmen are often unable to make themselves understood when they cross the channel.

It is perhaps the poverty of the education given them that makes Englishmen so deficient in that *souplesse* which distinguishes the conversation of Frenchmen. The people one meets in England who can talk gracefully have usually foreign blood in their veins.

"I hope you do not mind my smoking your cigarettes, ma'am," said a man to me one day in the hall of a country house.

"My cigarettes!" I said. "But I have n't any."

He showed me the box which contained them. On the cover was written the name of the brand, Royal Beauties. It was a pretty and, at the same time, witty compliment which he had made me.

"You are not English," I exclaimed, laughing.

And he had to admit that his mother was American.

But most women will be inclined to forgive most of the Englishman's faults because he is so adorably handsome. And he does not trade on his beauty or appear to consider its advantages; in point of fact, your athletic, good-looking Englishman is the timidiest creature in the world when faced by a pretty woman. The young man in Goldsmith's play who could make love to barmaids and housemaids, but was bashful and frightened in the presence of ladies, is an essentially English type.

I have drawn, to my mind, a sad, a disquieting picture of English society; yet I see a hope of the regeneration of the nation. That hope lies in the labor party. Little by little the workers are strengthening their position and making their power felt by the upper strata of society. If they are animated by a truly democratic spirit, the working-classes may save Old Eng-

land. To envy the rich is treason to democracy. The true democrat looks at their useless lives, their splendor and luxury, with contempt. He pities them. If the workers of England will make the rich envy the splendor and strength of those

who toil and force them to see that their lives are stupid and empty, they will bring salvation to the country. But the question that I ask myself, and to which I cannot see the answer is, Will the workers of England be true to democracy?

The Kaiser and His Court

A GREAT crowd filled an immense hall of the gray castle which the past has left in the heart of modern Berlin. People of every rank stood shoulder to shoulder, for it was the one day of the year when the imperial court sets courage and faithful service before birth and noble ancestry, the day of the *Ordensfest*.

I was young, and I felt joyous and happy as I passed up the hall in the imperial procession, with a page bearing my long *manteau de cour*. And every time that I turned from side to side to bow to the people, I caught a glimpse of the kaiser at the head of the procession, a silver figure, like *Lohengrin*, on whose cuirass and helmet the light flashed. Before him walked four heralds in medieval dress, sounding silver trumpets, and when he reached the dais and stood before the throne, looking down the castle hall, I saw in his steel-blue eyes that look of exaltation which his profound and unshakable belief in the divinity of kings gives him.

Was I a princess born in a democratic age, or was I living in the age of chivalry, or at the vanished Court of Versailles? Before me, as I went to the dais, stood an emperor as aware of his godlike qualities as Charlemagne when a pope set the unexpected crown upon his brow, or as the *Roi Soleil*, unflattered by worship he believed to be his due. It seemed that I should have been one of those *infantas* of Velasquez in a brocade dress and fluttering a little fan.

The impression the kaiser made on me that morning of the *Ordensfest* was not new, though it came with fresh, almost startling, force. I had known him years before as Prince Wilhelm, simple, unaffected, joyous. Then he became crown prince, and I noted a change. His manner became more imperious, less spontaneous. I felt that he was schooling himself, holding himself in check, aware of the burden of coming responsibilities, fear-

ing, yet longing for, the golden irksomeness of the imperial crown. Since he has ascended the throne, I have never met him without realizing that he is dominated by the belief that he is an instrument in the hands of the Almighty, divinely appointed to reign. Yet the emperor has still the charm of manner which made Prince Wilhelm so attractive, and there are moments when he can unbend, when one may forget the sovereign and feel the charm of the man.

As he conferred orders and decorations on the stream of men who humbly approached his throne at the *Ordensfest*, I could see from their reverence and from the look of awe on their faces that his manner, his regal pose, his glance, had forced them to accept his own belief in the majesty and righteousness of kingship. But when we had passed to the great banqueting-hall, he forgot for a moment to be godlike and became the charming Prince Wilhelm of the past. We sat at a table on a dais, looking down on the great company invited to enjoy the emperor's hospitality, and we were served by young nobles. The page who had carried my train, a handsome boy who looked about twenty, stood behind my chair and handed dishes or filled my glass with the skill of a practised footman. It was the first time that a foreign princess had been present at the *Ordensfest*, and I had received a hint that it was customary to send the page, who served one, a present the following day, and I had learned that there was an unwritten law that the present should be a watch. I was sitting next the emperor, and suddenly he turned to my page with an almost roguish smile.

"You are a happy boy," he said, "to have the privilege to serve the beautiful *infanta*"—sovereigns always know how to flatter—"What present would you like her to give you?"

"Sire," answered the page, "there is

nothing I should like her royal Highness to give me so much as the flower that caresses her neck."

It was a courtly and charming reply.

That was a little incident that relieved the tedium of a visit to the *Schloss* at Berlin; for, despite the charm of host and hostess, I felt then, as I do in all palaces, that I was in prison. Indeed, to me the palace life is so irksome that when I hear the sentry pacing up and down outside my windows, I always feel that he is there to prevent me from going out more than to prevent other people from coming in. Whenever I have stayed with the kaiser and kaiserin, I have been given a beautiful suite of rooms; but a prison is still a prison, however thick the gilding on the bars. Everything one does or says is noticed and talked about and criticized and spread abroad. All day long my Spanish lady-in-waiting sat in an antechamber with the German lady-in-waiting and the German chamberlain appointed to attend me. It was intolerable to think that these three persons were sitting there with nothing whatever to do but to speculate on what I should take it into my head to do next and to exchange court gossip. In an outer chamber was another group of idlers, servants whose chief duty was to conduct me processionally from one part of the castle to another.

Madame la Princesse appears in the antechamber, and the ladies make profound curtsies and the gentleman a profound bow. She smiles—princesses must always appear to be radiantly happy—and she tries to find something agreeable to say to each and not to make bad blood by being more agreeable to one than to another. She announces her desire to go to the kaiserin's apartments. The chamberlain passes on that interesting information to the footmen in the outer antechamber. A procession is formed, and Madame la Princesse is conducted, with the pomp of a bishop entering a cathedral to say mass, to the other side of the castle. The procession passes through the kaiserin's antechambers, where another army of servants is idling, and the ladies-in-waiting, who

make profound curtsies and the gentlemen-in-waiting, who make profound bows, expect Madame la Princesse to smile and to repeat the gracious remarks about the state of the weather she has already made to the members of her own suite. The doors of the kaiserin's apartments are thrown open with becoming reverence, and Madame la Princesse disappears, leaving her suite to gossip with the kaiserin's, and probably to speculate on the nature of the royal conversation across the sacred threshold they may not pass unless bidden. A quarter of an hour elapses, and Madame la Princesse emerges, smiles at the bowing courtiers and curtsying ladies, and, feeling more like an idol than a human being, is solemnly conducted back and enshrined in her own apartments.

The etiquette at Versailles in the time of Louis XVI could hardly be more exasperating to a modern woman than that of Berlin in the twentieth century. Before luncheon and dinner processions converge from all parts of the castle, conducting members of the imperial family and royal guests to the drawing-room.

"The kaiser will be in the drawing-room in ten minutes," was the regular warning I used to receive from a lady-in-waiting, fearful that I should be late and knowing the value the kaiser sets on punctuality. In point of fact, I never was late, and, indeed, punctuality almost ceases to be a virtue at the *Schloss*, where one lives under a rule as inexorable and as precise as that obtaining in a nunnery.

On the way from the drawing-room to the dining-room the kaiser and kaiserin and their guests pass through the apartment in which the ladies and gentlemen in attendance have been discarded. They stand in a great circle, and it is the invariable custom to make the tour of the circle with the usual smile and the usual banal remarks. That duty performed, the royal personages go into the dining-room and the suites retire to eat in another room. In Madrid the persons in attendance on the royal family dine with them. When I first went to Berlin the kaiser's children were young, and, although they lunched with

us, they were not permitted to speak unless first spoken to. After the meal the royal party returns to the drawing-room; but it must not be thought that when alone royal persons unbend and behave naturally. The daily discipline of relentless etiquette has its effect on them; they cannot forget that they are royal and therefore obliged to mask their feelings more rigorously than is necessary for ordinary people. Indeed, most princesses I know are reduced by this inexorable discipline to nonentities whose mouths are twisted in an eternal smile. At Berlin we conversed politely for the regulation time and, after making the circle of the suites again, were conducted back to our apartments in half a dozen processions.

Back in one's rooms, it is impossible to emerge without a repetition of wearisome ceremonies. To go out for half an hour's walk by one's self is a relaxation the poorest can enjoy; it is forbidden to a palace prisoner. The etiquette of Berlin requires a princess to be accompanied by a lady-in-waiting. And usually the lady-in-waiting cannot walk fast, so that the enjoyment of a little vigorous exercise in the open air is impossible. Moreover, people about courts are usually uninteresting companions. Obviously, intelligent persons would not consent to lead such aimless lives and to conform to such an inexorable code. How inexorable is that code may be judged from the fact that one of the court ladies in Berlin was confined to her room for three days as a punishment for walking across the courtyard in an indecorous manner; that is to say, with one hand ungloved.

The Emperor William is an excellent host, and his personal kindness compensates in a great measure for the restraint of palace discipline. He studies his guests' wishes, finds out their whims, and does his best to gratify them. For instance, he knows that I like to begin the day with something more substantial than the coffee and rolls most Continentals take in the morning. Accordingly, whenever I have stayed at the *Schloss* he has himself given orders that an English breakfast should be served in my apartments, and I have always been indulged with the eggs and

bacon and marmalade I am accustomed to. At first sight it may seem a little odd that an emperor should be at the pains to arrange the menu of a guest's breakfast. The kaiser evidently knows as well as I do that a princess in a palace is less happily situated than a visitor in an English country house, who gives his orders and gets what he likes served in his room. It would never occur to me to ask for a boiled egg at breakfast in a palace where people are not accustomed to have boiled eggs for breakfast, because the order would pass through so many persons before it reached the kitchen that my egg would probably be an *omelette au surpris* or a terrine of foie gras before it arrived in my dining-room. That a man immersed in affairs of state should trouble about anything so unimportant as a princess's breakfast is characteristic of the kaiser's consideration for those about him. His attention to details, which far less busy people would never find time to trouble about, is extraordinary. I once remarked to Count Eulenburg that the perfection with which every detail of life in the castle is managed astonished me, and I congratulated him on the success of his management.

"I assure your royal Highness," he answered, "that all the credit is due to his Majesty, who looks after everything himself."

But above and beyond the kaiser's love of seeing that things work smoothly in his home is his love of his capital. To him Berlin is a daughter, whom he likes to see beautiful and well turned-out, just as he likes to see the kaiserin and the Duchess of Brunswick charmingly dressed.

"It has been raining hard," he said, coming into my room one morning, "and it has just stopped. I want you to come out with me, because I have something interesting to show you."

I put on my hat at once, and we went down to a carriage which was waiting, and drove away. I was wondering what sight I was going to see and what surprise the kaiser had in store for me.

"Look," he cried suddenly—"look at

the streets! There have been torrents of rain, and the weather cleared up only a few minutes ago; but do you see that there is not a speck of mud on the road?"

It was true. The streets were surprisingly and absolutely clean.

"You appear to dry as well as to sweep them," I said.

"I have an army of road-sweepers," he said. "Here they are," and he pointed to a group of men energetically plying their brooms. "I wanted you to see how clean I keep Berlin."

"And is that all you have brought me out to see?" I said teasingly.

"Yes, all," he said; we both laughed.

The kaiser knows that I am passionately fond of dancing, and he used to make a point of arranging small dances when I was at the castle, so that I could enjoy myself without the restraint imposed on royal personages at the formal court balls. They used to call these small dances *les bals de l'Infante*. At court balls we walked round the circle of guests,—at all courts people seem eternally standing in smiling circles,—and the foreign ladies, penned behind their ambassadors, used to afford me considerable amusement, especially the Americans, who used to appear in larger numbers than they do at present. There they stood in the glory of expensive court trains, which could be no possible use to them afterward, and curtsied to the ground when the ambassadors had recited their names to each of us. I often wondered why they came and what pleasure they could possibly derive from seeing us smile and from curtseying to us. Obviously, sensible and representative women would not be among them unless, indeed, their husbands held official positions which necessitated their presence. After circling the circle, we went to the dais and sat for a few moments in gilt arm-chairs, facing the general company, before descending to dance the *quadrille d'honneur*. When that ceremony was ended, one's partner, a prince or an ambassador, handed one back to the dais, made a low bow, and retired. At courts etiquette does not allow a princess to choose a partner because he happens

to waltz well or to be amusing. At Berlin chamberlains had lists of partners for princesses, and one of them would bring me the card on which their names were inscribed, just as a waiter brings one a bill of fare in a restaurant, and I gave my orders. Each partner came to the dais, made a very low bow, and, when the dance was over, consigned me to my golden arm-chair with another low bow. The kaiser has caused the minuet to be revived at his court, and when I watched that stately dance from the dais I used to feel certain that I was at the court of the Roi Soleil. But *les bals de l'Infante* were far more charming, for then I could dance with whom I liked and waltz to my heart's content.

It was very good of the kaiser to arrange them for me, and, indeed, he has always shown me great consideration. "*Madame, vos desirs sont des ordres pour Guillaume,*" he telegraphed to me once, and that was an answer to a letter I had sent, begging him to ask the Sultan Abdul-Hamid not to chop off the head of Izet Pasha, who was lying in prison under sentence of death. A Turkish lady, whom I knew in Paris, had been to see me and had begged me to ask the kaiser, who was about to visit Constantinople, to intercede with the sultan for the unfortunate man. I knew nothing about Izet Pasha, but my friend was so distressed and so confident that I would help her, that I was very much touched, and immediately wrote to the kaiser. The lady was overjoyed when I showed her the courtly reply I had received, and the sultan, of course, granted the kaiser's request.

The matter did not end there. Two years later, when I had entirely forgotten it, I arrived one day in Madrid, and the instant I had got out of the train, the queen mother and my sister, the Infanta Isabella, who were waiting on the platform to receive me, began to question me about some mysterious Turk in whom they evidently supposed I was deeply interested.

"Who is this Turk you have sent us, Eulalia?" asked the queen.

"But I do not know any Turk," I said.

"But this Turk who has arrived in Madrid because you want to have him near you," said my sister.

"What crazy nonsense!" I cried. "Are you both out of your minds?"

"Certainly not," said the queen, "seeing that I have a letter from the sultan, saying that he has sent the man here as Turkish minister entirely to please you."

Then the truth dawned on me. Abdul-Hamid must have asked the German emperor why he desired the prisoner he had pleaded for to be pardoned, and the kaiser must have told him that it was the wish of the Infanta Eulalia. Mohammedan ideas of feminine psychology made the sultan see a tale of the Arabian Nights, and, determining to humor me to the top of my bent, he sent the hero of the imaginary romance to Madrid, where, as he expressly stated in the letter the queen mother showed me at the palace, he hoped he would remain as permanent minister, to be for long years an ornament of the court of the Infanta Eulalia.

The charm and grace with which the kaiser turned the reply I have already quoted to my letter about Izet Pasha seemed to me more Latin than Teutonic. And the truth is that, although the Emperor William is a Teuton by birth, he has the Latin temperament. He is extraordinarily restless in private, and lacks the characteristic calmness of the imperturbable and phlegmatic Teuton. He moves from chair to chair, or walks up and down the room, talking quickly and apparently incapable of being still. There is fire and vivacity, the quality the French call *spiritualité*, in his conversation, and I think he liked to talk to me because, despite my Spanish name and title, I am *au fond* French. One memorable day he took me to the old palace of Sans-Souci at Potsdam to show me the apartments of Frederick the Great and the relics of the king's friend, Voltaire, which are preserved there. We went into Frederick's library and when the door was closed, I found myself in a circle of book-shelves from which there seemed no exit. And all the books were French. The kaiser smiled.

"Here you are again in your dear France," he said.

"Yes," I answered, "I am very proud of my French ancestry, and you yourself are very proud to let me see that Frederick lived in a French atmosphere and to show me all these French books with which he surrounded himself."

The emperor laughed; but his eyes sparkled, and I saw that I was right. French art, literature, and the stage, all appeal to him as they did to his great ancestor.

But however great the Emperor William's admiration for French culture may be, there is no sovereign who loves his country and its institutions more than he does and no monarch who works with greater energy and persistence to further the interests of his subjects and to secure their welfare. We have discussed a thousand things together, but above all I like to hear him talk about the progress of modern Germany. His face lights up when he speaks of the increase of German commerce and of German influence, and his expression and the tone of his voice make it evident that he is speaking of the subject that is nearest his heart. And when he mentions his army or his navy, his steel-blue eyes shine.

His enthusiasm for Germany has often caused him to be misunderstood. I should like those who misjudge him to see him, as I have seen him, singing psalms. To do so is to realize that he is a mystic. The intensity of his faith and his power of seeing into a supernatural world, hidden from most, is indeed his most striking characteristic. I have naturally never attended service in the chapel of the castle, but at those ceremonies of the court in which prayers and the singing of psalms formed a part I have seen how real worship is to the kaiser and his power of throwing aside the cares of the moment to be completely absorbed in contemplation of the Creator. It became clear to me that he felt himself caught up into the life of the divinity, just as did our Santa Teresa. He feels himself to be the exponent of the divine will to the German people and, when he claims to rule of divine right, he is sincere.

The Scandinavian Democracies

"I AM so glad that I am queen of a country in which everybody loves simplicity."

This was the testimony to the charm of Norway which Queen Maud gave me when I saw her in her little home near Christiania last autumn. She spoke with enthusiasm of her adopted country, and I was not in the least surprised, for Norway is undoubtedly the happiest and most progressive country in Europe. Indeed, if anybody wants to know what life will be like in the good time that is coming when capitalism will be dead and democracy triumphant on both sides of the Atlantic, let him go to Norway and study its institutions and the life of its people.

"When I am at Lourdes," said a devout Catholic, "I do not believe; I know." And when I was in Norway, I did not need to make an act of faith in democracy, as I must in Paris or New York or London; I saw for myself that a nation is happier when its life is based on democratic principles.

"How deadly dull!" said a fashionable woman to me when I told her of the simplicity of life in Christiania. "Surely your royal Highness does not want to eliminate the color and brilliancy of life!"

She had never realized that the glitter and magnificence of society in great capitals can exist only against a background of misery and starvation. Norway is not a wealthy country and it does not afford capitalists opportunities for piling up fortunes. Nobody is very rich, and everybody appears to have a sufficiency. The cosmopolitan plutocrats, who corrupt the society of Western Europe, would be wretched there and, in point of fact, they avoid a country in which they are perfectly well aware they would be unable to display their wealth. And if the citizens of Christiania are deprived of the sight of millionaires darting about the town in illuminated motor-cars, with jeweled wives

and daughters, they are compensated for the loss by the knowledge that, thanks to the equitable distribution of such wealth as the country possesses, crime and robbery are virtually unknown. Education and common sense have broken down the barriers of pride of purse and pride of rank, which separate man and man in other countries, and the king himself is simply the first among equals.

When the Norwegian people determined that the industrial and commercial life of the country should no longer be hampered by Sweden, and declared their independence, they placed a king at the head of the state. They were clever enough to see that the country would have more prestige in the eyes of Europe as a monarchy than as a republic, and they were wise enough to give the king no power. Possibly they thought that a prince who, if the expression be allowed me, was born to the business would make a more effective figurehead than a commoner, and they might have considered that the peaceful succession of hereditary monarchs is less agitating to the nerves of the nation than recurring presidential elections. However this may be, their king is to them what their flag is—a symbol of national unity. Both are saluted with respect, but neither one nor the other is invested with power.

King Haakon's fine figure and handsome face make him look the part he has to play. He is a man of great tact and kindness, and has the simple tastes characteristic of the Danish royal family. To these advantages the king adds the supreme one of having a clever queen, who helps him wisely and loyally in his work. Their son, little Prince Olaf, is utterly charming and, despite being an only child, not the least spoiled.

I had not seen Queen Maud in her kingdom until I went to Norway last autumn, and I wondered whether her rise

from the rank of a mere royal Highness to that of a Majesty would have altered or spoiled her. She was staying at a little château near Christiania when I arrived in the city, and she asked me to come out and have luncheon with her. When a royal carriage arrived at my hotel to take me to the country, and I noticed that the servants wore plain, dark liveries instead of the regal scarlet, I began to feel that the charming Maud had not changed. Half-an-hour's drive brought me to the château, and as the queen welcomed me, I felt ashamed of the suspicions I had entertained, and realized that she remains the same simple and unaffected girl I used to know in England.

"I 'm so glad you 've come," she said, and as she spoke I heard in her voice and saw in her manner the charm she has inherited from her mother, Queen Alexandra.

The château was a small house of one story, standing in a public park. A plot of ground has been railed off round the house, so that the king and queen may have a garden in which they can enjoy privacy. Not that they are annoyed, like most kings and queens, with demonstrative manifestations of loyalty. The Norwegians contrive to make life agreeable for the royal family by allowing them to go about the countryside or through the streets of the capital as freely as ordinary citizens. Queen Maud revels in her new liberty.

"I find it so nice to be able to go out shopping without any fuss," she said, and told me that she could go into a shop in Christiania without anybody taking any notice of her, buy what she wants, and leave, with her parcels tucked under her arm, to walk back to the palace.

I could understand her delight better than most people, for in Madrid I have experienced the misery of knowing that I cannot get in or out of a carriage without attracting a small crowd. To find oneself perpetually a public show is beyond words exasperating.

Queen Maud's court consists of two ladies-in-waiting and a grand mistress, a

suite which is no larger than that of the least important of the numerous Austrian archduchesses. Moreover, these ladies do not make deferential curtsies to her Majesty. The queen shakes hands with them when she meets them, and treats them not as glorified servants, but as friends. The point may appear trivial, but it is worth mentioning, for it shows with what tact a princess, accustomed to the etiquette and the splendor of the English court, has adapted herself to the spirit of a democratic people.

"You were perfectly right," she said to me, "in what you used to tell me about the happiness of simplicity."

"Of course I was right," I said, "and I do not believe you would care to go back to the old court life."

"I am much happier in this life," she said, and then it was that she told me how glad she was to be queen of a country in which everybody loves simplicity.

It was obvious to me that both the king and queen adore the fascinating little Olaf, but I noticed that he has been very well brought up and is very obedient. He is being educated with Norwegian boys of his own age and leads a healthy out-of-door life.

"I want you to see Olaf driving the motor-car his grandmother has sent him," said the queen; and Queen Alexandra's present, the tiniest and most dainty little car imaginable, was brought round to the door of the château. The little prince made a splendid chauffeur, and evidently thoroughly enjoyed rushing round the park in his car.

I left the château feeling that I had had a glimpse of ideal family life, and thoroughly convinced that the democratic Norwegian court is the nicest in Europe.

I do not in the least mind confessing that when I advocate democratic principles I have the interests of royal personages at heart as well as those of their peoples. There are plenty of princes and princesses, bound hand and foot by etiquette and galling restrictions, who, whatever their present views may be, will welcome the liberty democracy will bring

them. Happy King Haakon and Queen Maud! Although they are addressed as your Majesties, they are allowed to live in a tiny red bungalow, up in the mountains at Holm Kelm, when winter comes, and there they and Prince Olaf dart about on skis, talking to everybody, making every one happy, happy themselves in being three Norwegian citizens.

And beyond the circle of the court the constitution of Norwegian society is utterly different to that of society in the most powerful European countries. Both the law and society regard woman as in every respect the equal of man. Women have the same civic rights as men, and use them. At the last parliamentary elections, in 1913, seventy-five per cent. of the women of the towns who had the right to vote used it; indeed, the proportion of women who did their duty as citizens and recorded their votes was higher than that of men. All the higher professions are open to women, and at the present time the most important of the professors at the university is a woman, and the leading lawyer connected with the supreme tribunal is also a woman. The Norwegians refuse to tolerate cheap female labor; if a woman does the same work as a man, she gets the same pay. Society is equally just. It does not apply one standard of morals to man and another to woman. Both are judged by the same standard, and a girl does not lose her position in society for conduct which in other countries is blamed in a woman and condoned in a man. Some Norwegian couples prefer to contract free unions instead of legal marriages, and, now that the influence of Lutheranism on the life of the country is virtually dead, society does not look at such unions askance. Married and unmarried couples live in peace and associate freely. In a country where everybody works there is little time or opportunity for the development of *crimes passionels*, so, if a couple finds that they have made a mistake and that life in common is too difficult, they just part without quarreling, and build up their lives anew.

The happy relations existing between

the men and women of Norway are, I am convinced, largely due to the fact that they are educated together at school and in the university. The equality of male and female students at the university seems to be symbolized by the wearing of identical caps of the same gay colors. From childhood they grow up together and become good comrades, understanding each other thoroughly and without *arrière pensée*, having the same moral code and the same views of life. In most countries boys and girls are segregated apart, and allowed to meet only under the supervision of their elders. The system is not a good one. Indeed, I have often thought that nothing gives a girl's brain such a wrong twist as the false view given her at school about the companionship of men. Why perpetually dread man and see in him only the seducer? By doing so I believe you very often awake in him instincts that might otherwise lie dormant.

And the education the girls and boys receive together is an excellent one. Norwegians understand the importance of acquiring foreign languages, which they require in commerce and for dealing with the numerous foreign tourists who make their beautiful fiords and mountains a holiday playground. Hence both English and German are taught in all the schools, and the instruction given is so good that the children actually learn to converse in these languages. More than once I was astonished to find that a cabman could answer me in English or German.

The Norwegians are a vigorous and hardy race. In their veins flows the blood of vikings, and they are determined that the nation shall not deteriorate physically. With this end in view the law provides for the protection of the mother during her time of expectation and for her support and comfort during the six weeks following the birth of her child. Moreover, careful provision is made for the upbringing of children born outside wedlock, and neither father nor mother is allowed to shirk the responsibility of parentage.

The separation of Norway and Sweden was due to the desire of the Norwegians,

whose merchant fleet is twice the size of the Swedish, to have their commercial interests abroad properly looked after by an independent consular service. This was the formal cause of separation, but undoubtedly the marked difference between the social organization of the two countries facilitated the unloosing of the bonds that held them together. Sweden still has an aristocracy, and the nobles who sit in the Upper House of the Swedish parliament are able to check in some degree the advance of democracy. Yet in their love of simplicity the two nations are alike. This was made clear to me in rather an amusing way soon after my arrival in Stockholm during my autumn tour. I was going to the theater with a friend, and when she arrived to fetch me, I was getting into an evening gown.

"Is your royal Highness going to wear a low dress?" she said in a manner that made me feel I was doing something thoroughly unconventional.

"Ought n't I to?" I asked.

"We do not go in evening dress to the theater," she said.

"Then what am I to wear?" I asked.

"Just a skirt and blouse," she said.

And accordingly in a skirt and blouse I went. It was rather a pretty blouse,—I confess that I love pretty things,—and when I got into the theater I felt just a trifle overdressed.

"What sensible people you Swedish women are!" I said to my friend when I looked round the theater and saw how simply the women were dressed. "You save hours and hours which women in London and Paris fritter away at their toilet-tables."

In point of fact, the Swedish woman has not usually either the time or money required to turn herself into a woman of fashion. And even if she had, she is too sensible to make her appearance the absorbing care of life. Careers which are closed to women in other lands are open to her, and she prefers to be independent and to earn her living. At the present time the Swedish women have not been granted electoral rights, but there can be no doubt

that they will obtain the same right as men in the course of time. The Conservative party in the Upper House shrinks from yielding to the demands of the women, fearing that their votes will strengthen the Socialists in the Lower House. But the nobles are certain to do justice to women sooner or later, and at the present time there is only a majority of twelve in the Upper House against the granting of the suffrage to women.

As it is, that Upper House puts too strong a brake on the wheels of progress. At one Swedish railway-station I saw a number of emigrants who were starting for America. They did not display the least sorrow at leaving their native land; on the contrary, they were bearing wreaths of flowers and singing joyfully, as if they were only too thankful to get away from Sweden. It was a sad and eloquent testimony to the evils that still mar the social structure of Sweden. Indeed, the stream of emigrants who cross the Atlantic to enrich the life of America with their work is so great and so constant that a royal commission has been endeavoring to find out its causes. In their report the commissioners state that the principal cause of emigration is the failure of the Government to accelerate legislation for the improvement of the conditions of the working-classes. In the circumstances, it is only natural that there should be a powerful Socialist party in the country. The crown prince is clever enough to see that this party is one which will increase in power with the lapse of time, but his efforts to establish friendly relations with its leaders have not been well received. He talks good-humoredly and shakes hands with prominent Socialists, but the party appears to see in these little attentions nothing more than a symptom of the future king's fear of the rising power of the working-classes.

The court of Sweden is, however, characterized by Scandinavian simplicity, although this is naturally not so strongly marked as at the ideal court of King Haakon and Queen Maud. The Queen of Sweden's health is too bad to allow her to

appear in public, and her mother-in-law, Queen Sophie, lives in a retirement dictated by her advanced age and personal tastes. Hence the principal figure at court, apart from the king, is the crown princess, before her marriage Princess Margaret of Connaught, and she has contrived to give to it just a touch of the elegance of the Court of St. James. I lunched with her when I was in Stockholm, and she told me how much she loves her Swedish life. Her marriage is a very happy one and in striking contrast to that of Prince William, whose Russian wife has deserted him to amuse herself in Paris. An attempt has been most unjustly made to place the blame for this escapade on the prince. As a matter of fact, he is a charming boy, and did his utmost to make his wife happy in Sweden. King Gustav has inherited from his father a great charm of manner and a fine figure, which devotion to tennis helps him to keep. He is fond of all sorts of sport and is an excellent shot.

I used to see a good deal of the late King Oscar. His French ancestry and his personal charm made him very popular in France, a country he loved, and during his numerous visits to Paris I had the opportunity of getting to know him well, and I became very fond of him. I was in Sweden in 1897, traveling incognito, and I remember sitting down to rest one day within sight of Sophie Rue, King Oscar's Norman villa, and, as I looked at the peaceful home of my old friend, I hoped that his last years would not be embittered by the dissolution of the union between Sweden and Norway. But the blow came to the "poet king," whose spirit seemed to live above the dull realities of life, and it came when he was old and broken down with the illness which at last caused his death. Kings must yield to the imperious will of democracy, and I look forward to the time when Sweden will have the advantages enjoyed by the sister kingdom.

I visited Denmark as well as Norway and Sweden last autumn, and there also I remarked the growth of democratic ideas. It is a restful country, and the souls of the people seem as clear as their blue eyes.

The Danes are a kind, industrious, and simple race, and if they strike one as being less hardy and vigorous than the other Scandinavian races, they certainly have the same courteous manners as the Swedes and Norwegians.

The first time that I visited Denmark, King Christian, the father of Queen Alexandra and the Empress Marie, was reigning, and the castle, in which his large family used to assemble for those reunions which he loved, was looked on by the Danes with a sort of reverence. But I remember that once, when I was traveling incognito, I drove past the castle in a cab, and the friendly driver, anxious to oblige a tourist, told me that a great family gathering was taking place there. He reeled off the names of the world-famous personages who had gathered round the king, and he did so with as much indifference as a London cabman displayed when he pointed out Madame Tussaud's to me the first time I was in London, and casually explained that wax figures were kept there. The attitude of the Danish cabman towards the royal family, which seemed to me curious years ago, appears to be that of most Danes at the present time. They have ceased to take any particular interest in the doings of their sovereign and his relatives. Nothing strikes me more, as I go about Europe, than the fact that, if I may be allowed the expression, the market value of princes and princesses has enormously decreased.

I went to an hotel in Copenhagen, and I had not been long in the capital before a card, inscribed with a single Danish word, was brought to me. I stared at it, not recognizing the name, and wondering who it was who had been to see me. Then it suddenly dawned on me that the word on the card was simply the Danish for queen. Her Majesty had been to see me, and of course I went to see her.

The royal family appears now to live in retirement, and its members form a small caste, penned off from the rest of mankind by their rank. Their chief amusement seems to be paying calls on one another. Most of them live at their country villas

and châteaux, and in these pleasant homes there is a constant succession of cousinly meetings, when family news is exchanged, and, while the children play, the elders take a stroll in the park surrounding the house at which the family gathering is taking place. The king displays that peculiar form of wit which I have often noticed is characteristic of crowned heads who have lived much in retirement. With them the gaiety of childhood seems, with the passing of the years, to turn into a curious spirit of mockery. Trifles create shouts of laughter, enlivening the family circle and confusing those who are unacquainted with the type of witticisms which goes down in royal circles.

Beyond the tranquil inclosures of the royal parks the Danish people is moving surely and steadily toward a broader and more democratic life than it has hitherto enjoyed. And women are in the forefront of the movement. The Danish women are perhaps the most fascinating of the women of Scandinavia. Many of them are beautiful, and although they refuse to be slaves of fashion, they display a certain charming coquetry in their dress. Numbers of them earn their own living, and are thus independent of men. This is the sure road for women to take if they desire to have the same rights and privileges as men. As it is, the Danish woman has established for herself a position which her Latin sisters may well envy, and the law secures her independence. She will, I am convinced, be given electoral rights, and she will have no need to resort to militant methods to obtain them.

On the road between Copenhagen and Helsingfors a milk-white villa stands out against the faint-blue background of the Northern sky. There it was that I passed the happiest moments of my stay in Denmark, and there I found at last two crowned heads who have remained human despite the crushing weight of the crowns they have worn for many years. The Italian villa is the home of Queen Alexandra and the Empress Marie, and the two sisters, who adore each other, are absolutely happy in each other's society and

in the simplicity of the life they lead. They welcomed me with enthusiasm, kissed me, and were quite excited to have somebody to whom they could show their little house. In the sitting-room they share they both wanted to show me their special corners at the same time.

"Come and see my writing-table," said the empress, pulling me to her end of the room.

"No," cried Queen Alexandra, gaily, pulling me in the opposite direction, "come and see my writing-table."

How we all laughed!

"This is my chair," said the empress, showing me one in her corner of the room.

"And this is my chair," echoed the queen, calling my attention to the favorite chair in her corner.

I had to see everything and admire everything. The two sisters seemed particularly proud of their kitchen garden and seemed to be delighted to find that I knew something about growing vegetables. I have a kitchen garden of my own in Normandy, where I have a little house, and we were able to compare notes.

And after we had inspected flowers and vegetables, we went through an underground passage which their Majesties have had cut beneath the road that divides the garden of the villa from the sea, and I found myself in a little Norwegian cottage by the sea-shore, a tiny stretch of which has been walled off, so that the empress and the queen may enjoy it undisturbed. When we were inside the cottage, the empress offered me a thin Russian cigarette, and lit one herself. Then Queen Alexandra showed me their tea-kettle, and the little kitchen in which they make their own cakes and brew their tea.

"This is where I make my tea," cried the queen.

"And this is where I cut the bread and butter," said the empress.

They were as happy as two school-girls, reveling in the simple life of a home where they can live like two ordinary women, untrammelled by court etiquette and without even a single lady-in-waiting to attend them.

After visiting the Norwegian cottage I had to see a new marvel. We went down to the beach, and the two sisters explained to me that it was a splendid place for picking up bits of amber. I had seen so much amber in the Castle of Rosenberg and in the shops of Copenhagen that it seemed improbable that there could be any more in the Baltic. Nevertheless there appears to be plenty left, for both the empress and the queen showed me the boxes in which they store the treasure they find on the shore. The empress is luckier in finding amber than the queen, and her box contained more than her sister's.

"It is most unfair," said the queen, gaily.

"I always pick up more than you do," said the empress, triumphantly.

We searched for amber until it was

time for me to go, and we enjoyed ourselves like children.

Both the empress and the queen have played the great parts they have had to fill on the stage of life with dignity and distinction; but they are Danes, and they have never lost the love of simplicity which is the most notable characteristic of the peoples of Scandinavia. Now that they can live their lives as they like, they deliberately leave their palaces and spend a great part of their time more simply than many commoners. To see their happiness made me happier myself, and, indeed, my tour in Scandinavia has given me new courage. All that I saw and heard made me feel that the time will come when democracy will make many of the crooked things of this life straight.

The Czar and His People

IT was mid-winter when I arrived for the first time in St. Petersburg, magical beneath its snow mantle, and I came as a simple tourist to see the country and to study the conditions of Russian life. I established myself in a hotel as a Spanish countess, feeling delighted that nobody knew who I actually was and reveling in the freedom of strict incognito. But I had not been in the hotel five hours before a grand master of ceremonies arrived and betrayed my secret. From that minute everybody knew that the countess was an infanta of Spain, and my liberty was gone. It is my usual experience. I arrive somewhere, believing that not a soul knows where I am, and, almost before I have taken possession of my rooms, there is a whirl of the telephone bell, and somebody at the other end saying: "Eulalia, how did you get here? You must come and see us at once."

The grand master of ceremonies brought me a message from the emperor and empress, telling me how delighted they were to know that they were going to see me soon, and suggesting that I should come to the Winter Palace the next morning for the Twelfth Day ceremony of the Blessing of the Waters.

"But I have nothing to wear!" I cried.

It was absolutely true. I had never expected to figure at a court ceremony, and it had not occurred to me to bring a *mantéau de cour*. Etiquette, however, is less severe in Russia than in Spain or in Prussia, as I soon discovered, and the next morning I put on my smartest frock and drove to the Winter Palace, a gigantic building, painted dull red, with rows of gods and goddesses standing on the cornice of its stupendous façade, looking cold and unhappy in the nipping air.

I had not seen the empress since we were girls, staying with Queen Victoria at Windsor or in the beautiful Isle of Wight. And what a charming girl she was! A

simple English girl, despite her German title, in a skirt and blouse, utterly unaffected, warm-hearted, and as fresh as a rosebud touched with dew. I was thinking of the happy, careless days when we were in England together as I drove to the palace, forgetting the change that the passage of the years makes in the friends of one's youth, and when I went into the room where the empress was waiting to watch the Blessing of the Waters from the window, I felt startled to find, instead of the girl I used to know, a surpassingly beautiful and stately woman. The petals of the rosebud had unfolded. She was the center of a brilliant group of grand duchesses and ladies, all wearing the strange, but beautiful, dress of the Russian court, with long hanging sleeves. On her head was a *kokoshnik*, a crescent-shaped diadem, flaming with diamonds, from which fell a long white veil, and her stateliness and beauty distinguished her from all the other sumptuous figures surrounding her. A stranger who had never seen her before would have been certain that it was she, and not one of the others, who was empress.

"How good to see you again, Eulalia, after all these years!" she said, coming toward me; and she put her arms round me and kissed me.

And in that greeting I realized that the czarina had not changed. She was still the affectionate and unaffected friend I had known years before. We had a hundred questions to ask each other, but almost before we had had time to begin, we had to stop talking to attend to the imposing ceremony which was beginning on the frozen Neva.

From the window I saw that a pavilion, like an exceedingly decorative band-stand, had been erected on the ice just in front of the palace, and I watched a procession of ecclesiastics in stiff Byzantine robes and glittering miters move slowly across the

road separating it from the palace, followed by the grand dukes and the emperor. The singing of the choir floated to us through the frosty air, and the empress crossed herself devoutly. She is a sincerely religious woman.

I watched the emperor standing motionless beneath the fretted and gilded canopy of the pavilion, and the thought suddenly flashed into my mind that the Russian emperors alone claim the right to govern the souls as well as the bodies of their subjects. The autocrat is a great ecclesiastical personage as well as a secular ruler, and the Russian Church depends upon him and can do nothing without his consent. I remembered that banishment to Siberia was the punishment for those who deserted the orthodox church and refused to believe as the czar believes and to pray as the czar prays. The kings of Spain and the emperors of Austria are sons, not rulers, of the church, and I had been taught that the pope was king of kings. It seemed to me that no worse form of despotism could be conceived than the concentration in the hands of an autocratic ruler of the spiritual and temporal power, and as these thoughts crowded into my mind, there seemed to me something sinister and terrible in the ceremony I was watching, and I realized, as I had never done before, the immensity and the awfulness of the power wielded by the motionless figure beneath the gay pavilion. Nobody rejoiced more than I did when the emperor published the Manifesto of April, 1905, granting his subjects religious liberty, and I realized that the stupendous claim which had made me shudder when I thought of it, as I watched the sumptuous Twelfth Day ceremony from the windows of the Winter Palace, had been renounced forever. In point of fact, Nicholas II had no desire to maintain it, and he renounced it as soon as an appropriate occasion arose.

After the picturesque ceremony which had stirred these thoughts had ended, and the archbishop had dipped a golden cross in the water running below the ice of the river, the holy water was brought into the palace to the empress, and the emperor

joined us. He gave me a characteristically Russian welcome. His manner was engagingly simple and unaffected. The contrast between him and the German emperor was extraordinary. The kaiser, a constitutional monarch whose power is strictly limited, shows by his bearing and his manner, as I have indicated elsewhere, that he holds the divine right of kings to be a cardinal article of faith. When one is with the czar, it requires a certain effort of the imagination to remember that he possesses autocratic power over the lives of 160,000,000 human beings. The Russians are the most hospitable people in the world, and the emperor and empress are not excelled by any of their subjects in kindness and generosity to guests. They both insisted that as long as I remained in St. Petersburg I must be with them as much as possible and, in point of fact, although I slept at the hotel, I was constantly at the Winter Palace and had my part in the intimate family life of the imperial family.

When a man likes nothing better than to remain at home with his wife, it is a sure sign that he is very much in love with her. Judged by that test, there is no happier couple in Europe than the emperor and the empress of Russia. They are never more contented than when together, and it was obvious to me that the czar simply adores his wife. It would be strange if he did not, for there is not a gentler or sweeter woman in the world than the beautiful czarina. And both of them are devoted to their children. They used to make me come with them sometimes to the nursery, where the little grand duchesses used to welcome us with shrieks of delight. What games there were! People who think of the czar as a trowning despot would have been astonished to see a vigorous pillow-fight going on between him and his children. And away from the formalities of the court, closeted with her children, the czarina was always radiant and happy. Under the spell of their prattle and of their caresses she was transformed. The smiling mother seemed a different woman to the beautiful, but

grave, lady seen by the public in the ceremonies of the court.

"Do try and get the empress to smile, Eulalia," said one of the grand duchesses to me at some court function.

But that was sooner said than done. There is not a trace of artificiality in the empress's character. She seemed unable to pretend she was enjoying herself when, in point of fact, she was fatigued and bored. Moving as the central figure of a splendid pageant, I think she was always wishing the ceremony to be at an end and to find herself free to be with her children again.

The tastes of the emperor are as simple as the empress's and in curious contrast to those of most of the members of the imperial family. Neither of them like the late supper-parties which most of their relatives indulge in. Early to bed and early to rise is my motto, and supper-parties hardly finished at two o'clock in the morning bored me unutterably. When I went to the opera with the emperor and empress, we used to take time by the forelock and sup in the second *entr'acte*, in order to be able to go straight to bed when we got home. The ballets given at the Marinsky Theater were exceedingly beautiful, and the empress followed the movements of the dancers with evident enjoyment from the stage box. Behind the box is a charming room, and there it was that supper used to be served.

"Here is your high tea, Eulalia," the empress would say merrily, and then we sat down to a square meal of cold meat and countless cups of tea, to which I used to do ample justice, as I did not dine before going to the theater.

His love of simplicity does not, however, prevent the emperor from enjoying society. Like most Russians, he is fond of it, and his animation and vivacity at court balls was delightful and, moreover, genuine. I liked to watch him dance the mazurka, that rushing, almost violent, dance that they say only a Slav can dance to perfection. It was obvious that he enjoyed it. When supper was served, we went to a long table on a dais, set at one end of a great hall, and I discovered that the Rus-

sian court has a very charming custom which does not obtain elsewhere. The emperor and empress took their places, facing the general company, with their royal guests and other members of the imperial family to right and to left of them; but we had hardly been a minute at table before the emperor rose and went to one of the tables below the dais, where he sat down and chatted with the people supping at it. After talking for five minutes, he went to another table to greet other guests, and then passed from group to group, sitting down at each table for a few minutes. And with the Russian instinct of hospitality, the emperor played the part of host so well that the conversation became more animated at each table he visited. The presence of some sovereigns, too careful of preserving the distance between themselves and persons who are not of the blood royal, sometimes casts a gloom on their guests.

Perhaps the emperor's obvious enjoyment of a ball was due to the fact that it is but seldom that he can allow himself relaxation. There is not a busier man in the world. I once remarked to him that I find it impossible to get through the work of the day unless I follow a definite rule, and I asked him how he divided up his time.

"I get up early," he answered, "and after a light breakfast I work until eleven. Then I take a walk and come back for luncheon at half-past twelve. After that comes the task of giving audiences to ministers and others and, when work allows it, I take a drive before tea in order to get some fresh air. Immediately after tea I am busy again with my secretaries, and work with them lasts until dinner-time."

"A strenuous day," I said.

"But that is not the end of it," he answered, smiling. "I am very often obliged to go back to work straight from the dinner-table, and sometimes it is not finished until far on into the night."

The emperor's devotion to duty is in striking contrast to the almost traditional love of pleasure displayed by the grand dukes. A foreigner might easily be led

to suppose that the house of Romanoff is at heart in sympathy with democratic ideas. The lack of formality at court, the marriages between grand dukes and commoners, the presence of unlettered peasants at certain of the ceremonies of the Winter Palace, the share taken by some of the members of the imperial family in amusements accessible to anybody who has money in his pocket, their supper-parties in restaurants, and their enjoyment of the *café concerts* of the capital—all these things might deceive the stranger. To know the grand dukes and grand duchesses is to realize that they neither understand the aspirations of the democracy nor sympathize with them, for, reflecting the glory of autocracy, they are more firmly convinced than any other royal persons in Europe that a gulf divides them from the rest of mankind. And this conviction is so deep that they appear to believe that the most ordinary actions are ennobled by the mere fact that they are performed by persons in whose veins flows the imperial blood. The life led by most of them would be unbearable to me. A perpetual round of amusements becomes in the end as wearisome as the tread-mill. How people who are not in the first flush of youth can day after day sit up until two o'clock in the morning, as too many of them do, eating unnecessary suppers and drinking champagne, I cannot understand. High tea with the emperor and empress pleased me better than late suppers with the grand dukes and grand duchesses. Indeed, when I yielded to persuasion and went out with them for an evening's amusement, my sleepiness used to divert them immensely.

"Eulalia, you're yawning," they would say.

"It is two hours past my bedtime," I would answer.

And then we laughed, and it was probably the Grand Duke Alexis who would suggest that we should all drive out to the islands and have another supper at a *café concert*. Then I would strike and go home, scolding myself for sitting up so late and marveling at the extraordinary vitality of the rest of the company, start-

ing merrily on the long sledge drive to the islands, where they would sit by the hour in a private room overlooking the little stage on which the unsuccessful artistes of Paris danced and sang.

Perhaps it is because I am Spanish and not Russian that I failed to see the pleasure to be derived from spending the night in frivolity, for, in point of fact, there is nothing characteristically grand-ducal in this curious craze; it is simply Russian, and Moscow merchants will spend thousands of rubles in extravagant amusements between midnight and sunrise. The grand dukes are typical Russians. They have the virtues and the failings of the typical Russian, and—I am not sure whether it is a virtue or a failing—they are, like all the Russians I have ever met, exceedingly susceptible to feminine charms. To the Russian love is everything, and in Russia women have more power to change men's lives than in any other land.

But if the majority of the members of the imperial family love extravagant amusement, there is one notable exception to the rule. The Grand Duchess Elizabeth, widow of the Grand Duke Sergé, who was assassinated by revolutionists, shares the simple tastes of her sister, the empress, and detests the empty formality of courts as much as I do. When we were girls, we saw a great deal of each other at Windsor and in the Isle of Wight, and it was a great delight to me to talk over the old days when I visited her in her palace within the fantastic battlements of the Kremlin. She was undoubtedly one of the most beautiful women in Europe, and her husband was extraordinarily handsome. Indeed, their beauty and their bearing made them the most distinguished couple at the great gathering of royal personages I met at Buckingham Palace when the Jubilee of Queen Victoria was celebrated. After the terrible death of her husband, the grand duchess devoted herself to the education of the Grand Duke Paul's motherless children, the Grand Duke Dmitri and the Grand Duchess Maria Pavlovna, and, that task accomplished, she became a sister of charity. She has

founded a convent in Moscow, where she follows a severe rule, and devotes herself to hospital work and the care of the poor, realizing that even a princess has no excuse to shirk the responsibilities of life and to lead a useless existence.

How is it that there is such a marked difference between the tastes of the emperor and those of his uncles and cousins? The answer is not difficult to find. The emperor's love of simplicity comes from his mother, the Empress Marie, who, now that she can indulge her own tastes, lives the greater part of the year with Queen Alexandra in a small villa on the Danish coast. When I visited them there I found that they were living as simply as private persons who know nothing of the life of courts. But while recognizing the influence of his mother in the formation of the emperor's character, I like to think that something of the spirit of Peter the Great has been conserved in the imperial family, and that the love of work, the courage, and the simplicity displayed by Nicholas II are in some measure gifts from his great ancestor. One afternoon I drove out to the islands in a troika, a sledge that might have come from fairy-land, covered with glistening trappings and luxurious furs, and drawn by three horses abreast, and, on my way, I stopped to visit the little house in which Peter the Great lived when he was building his new capital. It is a tiny cottage, a mere hut, with two rooms. Nothing could be simpler or more unlike the vast Winter Palace. Yet I felt, as I left this humble abode, that the spirit of the man who was content to live in it still reigns in the splendid home of his descendant, the present emperor.

I have referred to the courage of Nicholas II, and it may surprise those who know him only by repute that I should emphasize this trait of his character. I myself had often heard that he was timorous and dreaded assassination. It was therefore a great surprise to me to find that he often walked from the palace to my hotel, with only a single aide-de-camp in attendance. Although his grandfather had been assassinated by revolutionists, he himself ap-

peared to be absolutely fearless, and to disregard the risk he ran by walking about St. Petersburg. If precautions are taken to protect him now, he permits them solely because he is convinced that his life is of value to his people. Russia is his one thought. Those who do not know him often speak or write of him as cruel, tyrannical, caring for nothing but the conservation of the imperial power and wealth. That is an absolutely false estimate of his character. One has only to look into his beautiful, blue eyes, to realize that he is neither harsh nor cruel, and to understand his great tenderness. Indeed, it is his tenderness that distinguishes him from most of the sovereigns I know. His affection for his mother, his devotion to his wife and children, are the outcome of this quality, and its exercise is not confined to his domestic life. I have heard him speak on more than one occasion with the utmost feeling of persons who had been condemned to exile in Siberia. It was perfectly clear to me from the way in which he spoke of them that, had he followed the dictates of his own heart, he would have canceled the sentences and pardoned the offenders. I could see that the thought of their sufferings made him suffer himself, and that it was only a stern sense of duty that made him acquiesce in penalties he regretted.

The bulk of the czar's subjects are peasants, and he very often spoke of their life and their customs. Indeed, he displayed the keenest interest in plans to better their condition and to raise their standard of culture. Sovereigns, I have noticed, carefully eschew any reference to questions which they and their ministers are unable to solve, and it is to me significant that neither the czar nor the kaiser has ever spoken to me of the Polish question. The czar was, however, aware that the Bourbons and the great Polish family of Zamoyski are now connected,—my cousin, Princess Caroline of Bourbon, married a Zamoyski,—and he very delicately appointed a gentleman of that family to be in attendance on me during my stay in St. Petersburg. From intercourse with this

gentleman and with other Poles I met in Russia I discovered that there is a profound difference between the Russian and the Polish character. There always remains something of the Asiatic in the Russian, but the Pole belongs to the West. He has the Slav charm and the Latin culture. I know of nothing sadder than the tragedy of Poland. That splendid race, which once saved Europe from the Turks, has been parceled out between three empires, but neither the iron will of the German emperor nor the autocratic power of Nicholas II has succeeded in killing the Polish spirit. Small wonder that both at Berlin and St. Petersburg the subject was not broached at court.

The emperor is perfectly well aware that my sympathies are with the democracy, but naturally I never attempted to force my ideas upon him. I am able to understand that a sovereign who wields absolute power and to whom the most powerful of his ministers is obliged to yield may be necessary for Russia at the present day. I am convinced that the world will be happier, princes and people alike, when democracy has triumphed, but I realize that in a country like Russia, the bulk of whose population are unlettered,

it would be foolish as well as dangerous to introduce suddenly and without preparation methods which are successful in the West. Education, and education alone, can establish the victory of democracy. From my home in the capital of a great people, in whose motto is enshrined a profound belief in the brotherhood of mankind and the essential equality of prince and peasant, I look out over Europe and see the decay of old institutions and the movements which are slowly, but certainly, reducing those monarchs who still retain power to the position of decorative figureheads. In Norway the process is already finished, and although I confess that I was first surprised, I was immensely pleased to find, during a recent visit to King Haakon and Queen Maud, that they were simply the first among equals. I am firmly convinced that this will be the ultimate form of monarchy throughout Europe, but long years must pass before the Russian people have the culture and political knowledge which makes a simple Norwegian the equal of his sovereign. Meanwhile it is satisfactory to know that the man guiding the destinies of the Russian people possesses the fine qualities which distinguish Nicholas II.

The Courts of Italy

I WAS at Genoa, and one spring morning I strolled through a net-work of narrow streets to the harbor. The sea was as blue as a turquoise, gleaming like a jewel in the sunshine, and I could not resist the temptation to hire a boat and waste an hour gliding over the enchanted waves. The boatman who rowed me was a lively fellow. Luckily for me, as I afterward realized, he had not the faintest idea who I was, and I let him chatter to his heart's content.

"The old Duke of Galliera gave twenty million lire to make that," he said, indicating, with a jerk of his head, the New Harbor, hidden from sight by the buildings on the Molo Vecchio.

"The Duke of Galliera," he went on, "was a fine gentleman; but the Duchess was wicked. She was left a widow and inherited the enormous, the colossal fortune of her husband. And what did she do? Does the Signora know what she did?"

I did know, but I thought it prudent to shake my head.

The man leant on his oars and looked intently at me.

"The Duchess," he said, "left the title and every lira she had and her palace in Bologna and all the estates of her Duchy to foreigners. A curse on them! The old Duke's son was left a beggar. And the Duchess belonged to Genoa; she had relatives in Genoa. Did she remember them when she died? No, not a single copper did they receive. Everything went to the Duca di Montpensier, a Frenchman who had become a Spaniard, and now it belongs to his son."

"Really," I said, and I did not mention that the Duc de Montpensier was my father-in-law, and that I was actually Duchess of Galliera.

"If I could only get hold of that man and his wife, although she is an Infanta of Spain, I would kill them," he shouted

at me fiercely; "I would show them no mercy."

On the whole, I was not sorry when I found myself on land again, and I am convinced that the man would have upset his boat and let me drown, if he had discovered who I was. And I have often wondered who he was, perhaps a relative of the old Duchess. There was truth in the story he told, a mystery which neither I nor anybody else is ever likely to solve. The Duke of Galliera had a son, Phillippo Ferrari, who refused absolutely to use the privileges which his birth had bestowed upon him. What were his reasons, nobody knows. Some say that he told the Duchess that the Galliera fortune had been acquired by evil means, others that he believed he was not really the Duke's son, others that he is a socialist. And why, in default of the son, one of the richest duchies of Italy was left to my father-in-law is a question which remains, and is likely to remain, unanswerable. Phillippo Ferrari is said to be a cabman in Vienna, and fate has decorated me with the unnecessary title of Duchess of Galliera. And partly through the strange connection of the family into which I married with Italy, partly through my love for the most beautiful and romantic land in Europe, I have lived there a great deal. I used to stay a good deal at the magnificent palace of the Galliera family in Bologna, a sumptuous place with vast rooms paved with mosaic and glittering with rare marbles. The people of that city of colonnades and cool court-yards took a kindlier view of the new owners of the palace than the Genoese boatman did, and the ancient families of the place had that charm of manner which gives such a fascination to the cultured society of Italian towns. It was a great delight to receive them, and I used to enjoy the balls and parties in that wonderful palace.

In most countries society gathers in the

capital, and when there is a Court, it acts as a magnet to draw people from the provinces. The unification of Italy, and the erection of the Italian kingdom, has not materially altered the structure of Italian society. It remains what it was when Italy was divided into a number of small States. Rome and the Quirinal do not attract the nobles of Venice, or Florence, or Bologna, or of other historic Italian towns; they continue to spend the winter in the cities with which their families have been associated for centuries, giving to them a certain brilliance which is not to be found in the provincial towns of France or England. This was lucky for me, because no member of the Royal family of Spain can stay in Rome. Obviously we cannot go there and ignore the King and Queen of Italy, nor can we omit paying a visit of respect to the Pope. As the quarrel between the Quirinal and the Vatican continues and the Holy Father does not permit Catholic princes to visit the King of Italy in Rome, the only thing that we can do is to stay away. I myself have tried more than once to spend a little time in the Eternal City, but the result has always been the same. As soon as my arrival is discovered, I am confronted by one of the two Spanish ambassadors, anxiously imploring me to go away as quickly as possible, and telling me a pitiful tale of the diplomatic complications which will arise if I persist in staying. Once, however, I set aside all objections to my presence in Rome, and went to see Leo XIII about a very important matter in which the Supreme Ruler of the Catholic Church could alone help me. I hoped to persuade him to annul my marriage with the son of the Duc de Montpensier, and I felt certain that there were solid grounds for doing so and that the laws of the Catholic Church were on my side.

The Duc de Montpensier lived in Spain, and had indeed assumed Spanish nationality. I saw that if I married his son I should be able to remain in Spain and be constantly with my dear brother, Alfonso XII. That was the argument which weighed with me, when it was pro-

posed that I should marry the Duke's son, Antonio. He did not interest me, and I knew that I could never love him; but I also knew that a Princess's marriage is rarely one of her own choice, and that family reasons and international considerations play a greater part in determining it than affection. With Antonio as a husband I could remain with the brother whom I loved more than anybody on earth, and, were I to refuse, it was certain that I should be forced to marry some foreign Prince, whom I should probably dislike, and be obliged to spend the rest of my life at a foreign Court without the consolation of my brother's love. I consented, therefore, to the engagement, and it was publicly announced. The Duc de Montpensier was delighted, for he was very fond of me and, moreover, he wanted to see his son an Infant of Spain, a title he could only acquire by marrying an Infanta.

And Alfonso XII died before the marriage was celebrated, cut off while still young from the splendid work he was doing for his country. From my point of view, no reason remained for my marriage after my brother's death, and I announced that it would not take place.

"I consented to marry Antonio in order to be near Alfonso," I said, "and now that he is dead, the one argument that prompted me to take this course has fallen to the ground."

I had not thought of the political complications which my refusal would entail. When the Duc de Montpensier heard that I had rejected his son, he flew into such an uncontrollable passion that he rushed about the room in which he was, breaking up the furniture and smashing anything he could lay hands on. He had set his heart on Antonio's children becoming Infantes of Spain, and was furious when he saw that it was possible that his ambition would not be fulfilled.

Alfonso's wife, Queen Christina, had been appointed Regent. Her position was a difficult one, and there were fears of an attempt to place Don Carlos on the throne. The Duc de Montpensier was ex-

ceedingly wealthy and possessed great influence in the country, and it was feared that if I proved obdurate and persisted in my refusal to marry his son, he would throw in his lot with the Carlists and join in an attempt to drive the reigning family from the throne. The Queen came to me and implored me to consent to the marriage, pointing out to me the harm that might be done to Spain if I would not alter my decision. Then my sister, the Infanta Isabel, came to me, repeated the same arguments that Queen Christina had used, and added new ones. One by one, the Ministers arrived to argue with me. Nobody was on my side. Everybody told me that it was my duty to marry Antonio, until at last I felt that the fate of Spain depended on my decision. I was a mere girl, standing at the threshold of life, and the inevitable happened. Wearied and worn out with the struggle, I finally gave way.

"I sacrifice myself for the welfare of the nation," I said.

My marriage is the most cogent proof I can offer of my love for Spain, and I went to the altar for the wedding ceremony as a victim.

It is a well-known principle of ecclesiastical law that a marriage contracted against the will of one of the parties is invalid, even though it be consummated and children be born to the couple. It was on this principle that I relied when I went to Leo XIII, and my object in asking him to annul my marriage was, not to be free to marry again, but to be free to manage my own fortune in order to leave some provision for my children. I brought with me to Rome a letter from my mother, Queen Isabel, in which she told the Holy Father that she could not die happily without the knowledge that my marriage had been annulled and set forth the arguments to prove there were grounds for the Church to give me the freedom I desired.

I was full of hope when I arrived in Rome. I was so sure that my cause was a just one, so certain that I should gain the day, so convinced that there was no flaw in the arguments presented in my mother's letter. Moreover, I knew that

Queen Isabel was *persona gratissima* at the Vatican. She was the first Catholic sovereign to signify her acceptance of the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception as a dogma of faith, and she had always done her utmost to further the interests of the Church. I felt that I could not have had a better advocate, and it seemed to me that I had only to go and see the Pope in order to be released from a crushing burden.

Wearing the costume which every woman, be she Princess or peasant, must wear when she is received in audience by the Pope, a black dress and mantilla, I arrived at the Bronze Gates of the Vatican. The magnificent staircase was lined with soldiers in the picturesque uniform Michael Angelo designed for them, and I was promptly made the center of a little procession. On either side of me walked an urbane ecclesiastic—in palaces one seems to spend half one's time walking between two polite and deferential individuals—and before and behind marched soldiers of the Noble Guard. We passed through a series of splendid halls to the papal antechamber. A door was opened, and I passed alone into the presence of the Supreme Pontiff. I made a genuflection as I entered, another in the middle of the room and a third as, feeling rather like a grasshopper, I reached the chair in which the Holy Father was seated. He bade me sit down, and with great kindness thanked me for all that I had done for the Church and commended my zeal and piety. Being conscious that I did not deserve these encomiums, I felt a little surprised, and quickly realized that Leo XIII did not know who I was and mistook me for my sister, the Infanta Paz, who is never happier than when she is advancing the interests of the Church in Bavaria, her adopted country. I quickly explained that I was the Infanta Eulalia and presented the letter I had brought for him from Queen Isabel, telling him that it was my mother's appeal to him to have the marriage which had ruined my life annulled. He took the letter and held it, but he did not read it.

"Her Majesty's request shall be consid-

ered by the Sacred College," he said, and began to speak to me in a manner which, I have no doubt, he thought might be of spiritual benefit to me and might give me comfort. But I had not come for comfort or to listen to spiritual exhortations. I went to see the Pope as I should have gone to see a lawyer, hoping that the Head of the Catholic Church would put the law in motion and give me the freedom I felt certain that that law permitted. But His Holiness refused to play the part I had assigned to him and spoke as priests speak.

"Ah!" he said, when I had told him of the unbearable position in which I was placed, tied to a husband with whom I had no sympathy and who spent his time with another woman, "this life is a trial, and you must bow to the will of God; but we shall try to do what we can for you."

And doubtless these were suitable words to fall from the lips of a Pope, yet they seemed to me strange. I had not come into his presence inspired with the awe and sense of mystery which most people feel at a papal audience. I was perfectly cool and in a critical frame of mind, and it seemed to me extraordinary to listen to such advice from a man who, in spite of his white cassock, reminded me of the pictures and statues I had seen of Voltaire. The Pope's face seemed to me exactly like that of the French atheist as it appears in the marble statue placed by Frederick the Great in the palace of Mon Repos at Potsdam, where the philosopher used to stay with the King. The face of the aged Pope was so shrunk, that there seemed nothing of it left but the yellowed skin stretched over the bones. And when he turned to me, I saw shining in the midst of that shrivelled countenance, the face of a man who had lived through the centuries, dark eyes so brilliant and so alert that their glance seemed to pierce one, to scorch one like a flame.

"Was he speaking what he felt?" I asked myself, "or was he merely repeating words he considered it was the duty of a Pope to use?"

I had no intention of feigning a submission to fate which I did not feel, and I

made this evident to His Holiness when he told me to bow to the will of God.

"That is all very well," I said, "but Your Holiness must see that I am placed in a terrible position," and I explained that the Napoleonic code puts a woman in a situation of servility, entirely under the control of her husband, whether they are living together or apart.

"I desire to remain a faithful daughter of the Church in which I have been born, but the circumstances in which I am placed are harmful to the life of my soul. I find in my heart great bitterness against my husband, and even the very name of Napoleon is detestable to me because of the code he framed and under which I suffer."

Leo XIII smiled when I spoke of my detestation of Napoleon and was evidently amused.

"My daughter," he said, "it is the chosen of God who are chastened. We ought to thank Him for sending us trials, and you may be certain that you will have your reward."

But I was not to be put off by such phrases, and I continued to urge my point.

"It is so sad for my children," I said, "that I should remain in this terrible position. As Your Holiness is aware, any fortune which I have can, according to law, be claimed by my husband. The law gives him the right to dispose of it as he likes, while I am deprived of the right of leaving it to my children. And I need not tell Your Holiness to whom he will probably give it."

Leo XIII turned and fixed his piercing eyes upon me.

"I hope that, with time," he said, speaking slowly, "your husband's heart will be touched by the grace of God, that he will leave this woman and come back to you."

That was the last straw. Nothing could have been more distasteful to me than the prospect the Pope held out, and I saw that it was useless to continue the conversation; moreover, we had been talking for three-quarters of an hour and it appeared to me that the Pope was dropping off to sleep. I rose.

"Your Holiness is fatigued," I said, and retired without waiting for him to say that the audience was ended.

They were very angry with me for not conforming to the prescribed etiquette, and I was told that I had behaved very badly. It was undoubtedly very kind of the Holy Father, who was then old and feeble, to give me so long an audience, but I think he must have been relieved when I somewhat abruptly terminated it.

After my visit to the Pope, I went to see the Secretary-of-State, Cardinal Rampolla, a man with a fine presence and the perfect manner of a Sicilian nobleman. I repeated to him the arguments I had placed before the Pope and told him of my mother's great desire to know that my marriage was annulled before she died. He was exceedingly polite and said the matter should be considered, but he was careful not to commit himself. And I made a point to go and see all the Cardinals who were then in Rome, and to put my case before them. They were all excessively urbane, and all of them assured me that the question would be most carefully examined.

From that day to this I have never heard another word about it, and no answer was ever sent by Rome to Queen Isabel's letter. I am still convinced that *according to ecclesiastical law* my marriage *could* be annulled on the ground that I was forced into it against my will, but I now realize that I merely wasted my time in going to Rome. The scandal created by the annulment of the marriage of a Spanish Infanta would be too great, and to avoid it the Church refuses to put her law into operation.

The Italian Royal family was probably not entirely gratified by my visit to the Vatican; but I was able to smooth matters over when I met the King elsewhere, and he was really very nice about it. He has been placed under a ban by the Vatican, but this fact does not weigh heavily on him, for he is not a man to fear ecclesiastical censure, and his standpoint is rather that of a free-thinker than of a Catholic. Nevertheless, he would welcome an agree-

ment with the Vatican which would put an end to a trying situation, and change for the better the present unfriendly relations existing between the papal Court and the Quirinal. I knew the King when he was Prince of Naples, and saw a good deal of him when he came to England for the marriage of the Duc d'Aosta, as we were both staying in the same hotel. He is one of the most intelligent Kings I have met, and remarkably well-informed. His hobby is numismatics, and his love of old coins is as great as the King of England's love of postage stamps. He has, indeed, become a notable authority on the subject. Before his marriage, the King was a rather taciturn man and his manner somewhat jerky. But the charming Princess Elena brought some spell with her when she left Montenegro and came to Italy to be married to him, for I have never known a man whom marriage has so transformed. It seems to have given him an altogether new zest for life and great happiness. The simple, almost patriarchal Court of Montenegro was an excellent school for a modern Queen, and translation to the more splendid Italian Court has not spoiled Queen Elena; she has preserved her love of simplicity, and she follows with interest and sympathy the democratic movement.

It seems to be the special prerogative of a Queen Mother to be Queen of Hearts, and Queen Margerita holds the same place in the affection of the Italian people as beautiful Queen Alexandra—has ever a Queen been more beloved than she?—holds in England, and the Empress Marie in Russia. I paid a visit to her and King Humbert at the Castle of Monza, their summer home in the outskirts of the town in which the kings of Lombardy were crowned, and, although the etiquette of the Court was severe, she had a charm which made one tolerate the restrictions of palace life. Those about her used to complain that she hardly ever sat down. I have remarked that several Queens, whom I know, have this rather trying capacity for standing, and, as nobody can sit while they stand, their guests and their ladies and gentlemen-in-waiting are sometimes a

good deal fatigued. Numbers of women are not aware that they owe to Queen Margerita the pretty fashion of wearing a string of pearls in the daytime. But she did not limit herself to the single string of pearls worn by women of fashion, she was simply hung with ropes of pearls morning, noon and night, in fact I have never seen her without them.

Although the King of Italy has made Rome his capital, the other members of the Royal Family have never gone to live there, and continue to make their home in Turin. In that city there are no less than four Courts, for the Duke and Duchess of Genoa, the Duke and Duchess of Aosta, the Dowager Duchess of Aosta and the King's sister, Princess Clothilde, all reside there, and the exasperating etiquette peculiar to Royal personages is rigorously maintained in their palaces. Gentlemen-in-waiting and ladies-in-waiting are always in attendance on them, and it used to surprise me that people could be found to devote themselves to such an insufferably dull occupation as that of serving in miniature Courts, until I remembered that some of them may be glad to do the work, if work it can be called, for the sake of being maintained and of receiving the salaries attached to their offices. English princesses have the daily distraction of opening bazaars, but little happens to enliven the Courts of Turin. When I have stayed there, the chief excitement of the day has invariably been a drive to a park outside the city, where the Royal personages walked for a little, attended by the inevitable ladies and gentlemen-in-waiting, and, after half-an-hour of that mild form of exercise, drove back to their homes. These proceedings did not appear to awaken any great interest in the citizens of Turin, for in Italy, as in most other countries, the public has ceased to concern itself about the little doings of Princes and Princesses.

The Dowager Duchess of Aosta sometimes shows her independence by freeing herself from the Royal bonds when she is abroad, and I remember her once arriving in Paris entirely unattended. She was Princess Laetitia Bonaparte before her

marriage and enjoys the style of Imperial Highness, while, rather oddly, the young Duchess of Aosta is a Princess of the house of Bourbon and sister of the Duc d'Orléans. She is a somewhat masculine type of woman, and spends a great deal of her time in Abyssinia. She leaves her husband and two boys and, with no companion except an elderly Englishwoman, sets out on a hunting expedition. She is lost in the heart of Africa for months, and then suddenly reappears and settles down to the hum-drum life of her palace. But soon she hears again the call of the wild, and is away once more. What she does in Abyssinia nobody knows, if one excepts the elderly Englishwoman. The country seems to have cast a spell on her, and she cannot resist its fascination. The Duke of Genoa, Queen Margerita's brother, and his wife, who is a Bavarian Princess, live in the same palace as the Dowager Duchess of Aosta, but their households are independent and, in point of fact, the two Duchesses rarely see each other. The Duke is almost a recluse; he spends several hours in his private chapel every day, lost in prayer and meditation. His piety, his profound belief in the teaching of the Catholic Church, his veneration for the successors of St. Peter, have all doubtless contributed to his determination to end his days in Turin, and prevented his taking part in the life of the Court established by the Kings of Italy in the Roman palace which, less than fifty years ago, belonged to the Popes.

I was a little surprised the first time I went to Turin to find that the Piedmontese dialect of Italian was spoken in royal circles. To understand what was said sometimes required close attention, even when one knew Italian well, and I have found a similar difficulty in other Italian cities. In Bologna, for instance, where I have lived so much, the cultured classes, as well as the peasants, talked dialect, and traveling about Italy, one seemed constantly under the necessity of learning new words and phrases.

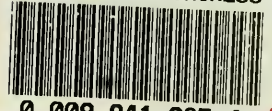
There are so many beautiful Italian cities in which agreeable society may be

enjoyed that, had one to choose one in which to live permanently, it would be difficult to come to a decision. Venice is one of the most adorable, and the time I spent with Duke and Duchess of Genoa at the King's palace there was a dream of delight. But there is one objection, and that a serious one, to a prolonged stay in Venice, and that is the difficulty of getting proper exercise. As everybody seemed prepared to spoil me, when I was there, I made it clear that it was essential for me to do something more vigorous than gliding down silent canals in a gondola or strolling in the Piazza. It was therefore arranged that I should play tennis at the Arsenal, and that indulgence gave me the one thing that seemed lacking in the charming life of the city. Italians can play tennis very well when they choose, and Monsignor Montagnini, the Papal Legate who was turned out of France when diplomatic relations between the Re-

public and the Vatican were ruptured, and who played so false to me was a case in point. He played an excellent game, and we often had a set together in Paris. Little did I guess what his means were and never will I forget his false behavior when his papers were captured. In Venice, too, I found some good players, and so managed to get the vigorous exercise I needed. Apart from this, I lived the life of the Venetians, walked in the Piazza from half-past eleven to half-past twelve, took the air in a gondola about half-past five, went occasionally to the opera at the Fenice, that most exquisite of theatres, and ended the day by dancing in the enchanted palaces that rise from the sea. It was often sunrise when I stepped into a royal barge with gondoliers in scarlet and, to the rhythmic music of oars that cut the water and the splash of the spray that fell from their blades, floated through the rosy dawn to the Royal Palace.



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